

THE STATE SENTINEL
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THE SQUATTER.

A TALE OF ILLINOIS.

CHAPTER I.

"Will you believe the world?"
I thought you knew it better than to take
An accusation for a sentence?"—Werner.

There is nothing more true than the saying of Horace, that it is sweet to remember those things which it was hard to suffer. In youth we listen to the promises of hope, and look forward to the future with confidence for their fulfillment. But as years roll by, the sanguineness of our character becomes diminished; disappointment has occurred to cloud the prospect and we turn more frequently and with more fondness to the contemplation of the past, in proportion as the field wherein fame was wont to play has become less desolate. For my own part, in my early years I possessed a wild and wayward spirit, that thirsted for renown; and by some path or other I was determined to ascend the height of fame. It would be vain to recount the various exploits by which I successfully sought to accomplish my object; suffice it to say that in all I was disappointed; and that now, at the age of nearly sixty years, occupied as the teacher of some eighteen or twenty boys, in an obscure village, beyond which I am scarcely known, I can look back over the toils and perils of an active life, with a degree of tranquil pleasure that the anticipation of my proudest schemes never afforded. Indeed, oftentimes of an afternoon, lulled by the drowsy mirths of my little school, I become entirely unconscious of the realities around me, and live over some long passed period, amidst scenes and companions that the talismanic power of memory can alone restore. Among the companions of former days thus brought before me, I often think of one with whom I was acquainted in some trying scenes both of adversity and prosperity; and if the reader can spare time to peruse the garrulous effusions of an old man, he will find related in the following story.

On the edge of one of the finest and most fertile prairies in Illinois, and in the midst of a grove of stately locust trees, the foliage of which, in the summer season almost hid it from the sight, there stood a few years ago, (and it stands there still, no doubt, unless the prairie fires have reached it, and consumed its perishable walls) a little log-cabin, so humble and lowly in its outward appearance, that it scarcely won a momentary glance from the traveller who chanced to pass that way. It was situated on a gentle acclivity, just under the brow of the forest, the lofty and leafy branches of which, as soon as the sun attained the meridian, cast over a deep and agreeable shade. Behind the cottage, at the distance of about a hundred yards, a rivulet meandered in many curious windings through the level bottom-land of the woods, denominated, not unaptly, from the glittering transluence of its current, Silver Stream. Unlike most of the brooks and rivers of that savanna country, which are usually stagnant during the warmest months of the year, the limpid tide of this one continued to gurgle on its course through every season alike, thus giving to the prospect in the sultry afternoons of summer a delightful richness, and gratifying the ear with its melodious flow. In front of the cottage, an immense prairie extended itself as far as the eye could reach, its surface smooth and unbroken as the bosom of some inland sea. Not a tree or shrub was seen to break the green monotony of its appearance; but as the season varied, an innumerable succession of flowers of every hue and every combination of hues, sprang up, and bloomed and withered, amid that vast and beautiful solitude, as if nature had scattered them there in wanton prodigality.

"To waste their sweetness on the desert air," without having any salutary object in their creation. Philosophy, however, has, with tardy step at last discovered the correctness of the humble Christian's belief, that nothing is made in vain; and that those very flowers, which smile away their brief existence in unconscious loveliness, unseen by the eye of man, are wisely intended to counteract or diminish, by their odorous breath, the latent causes of the dreadful epidemics which sometimes spread disease and death through that luxuriant region.

The cabin itself was rudely constructed of unshaven logs, the interstices between which were filled with small blocks of wood and mortar. The roof was of rough oak shingles, and instead of being secured with nails, long poles placed upon it at regular intervals, and lengthwise of the building, served to keep them in their places. The house had but one door and window, the latter furnished, (an uncommon thing in that wilderness country,) with panes of glass. A small inclosure in front of the humble edifice was cultivated as a flower garden; and the neatness with which it was kept, and the taste displayed in the arrangement of buds, and in disposing the best advantage the few varieties of flowers and shrubs it contained, evinced it was the work of woman's delicate hand. There were no out-houses, nor was there need for any; for the dweller in that secluded and lonely abode had neither horses, nor oxen, nor lands, nor earthly riches of any kind—unless indeed we may class under that head a wife and two fine and promising boys. If these be treasures, he was indeed rich; for never was husband blessed with a more lovely or more loving wife, and never did the prayer of a father ascend to heaven in behalf of a more fruitful offspring. But besides these he had nothing—absolutely nothing. He was what is denominated in the language of the territory in which he resided, a Squatter; or in other words, one who, without permission, resided on and cultivated lands belonging to the United States.

The Squatter was a tall, well formed man, apparently about thirty-two or three years of age. His countenance indicated manliness and intelligence; and though a shade of sadness and care dwelt almost always upon it, there were times when his dark blue eyes became lighted up with uncommon vivacity. His conversation and manners were said by those who had had an opportunity of observing them, to belong to a rank in society much superior to that which he now occupied; but the number of such as were qualified to come to this conclusion was but small, as he studiously shunned society, and was seldom to be met with beyond the limits of

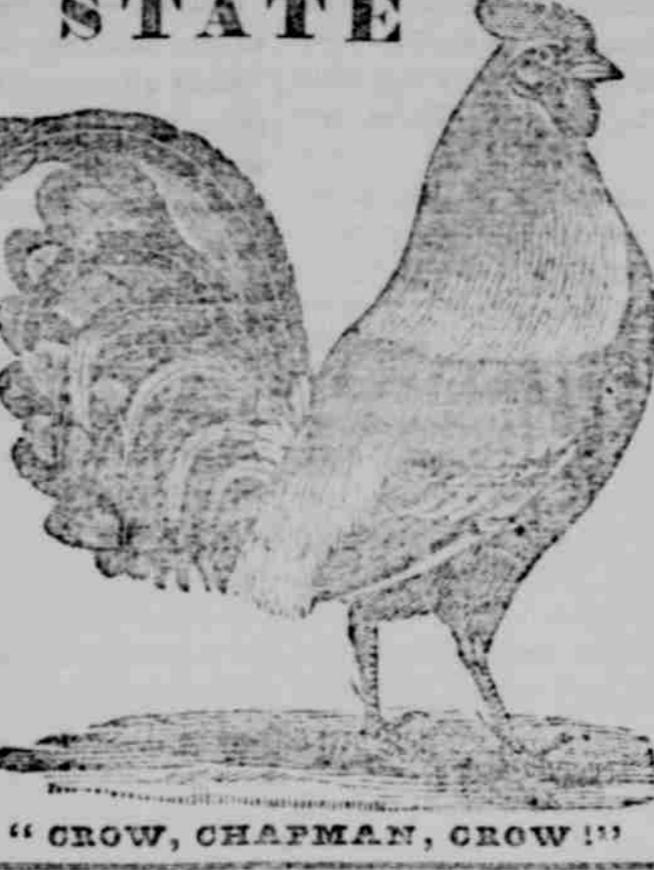
STATE INDIANA SENTINEL.

The Price of Freedom

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Vol. I.]

INDIANAPOLIS,



is Eternal Vigilance.

G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN, EDITORS.

MAY 17, 1842.

[No. 47.

CROW, CHAPMAN, CROW!

THE LEADS (England) Northern Star.

A STARVATION ANTHEM FOR THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.

Bring forth the babe in pomp and lace,
And let us starve and curse the light;

But what of that?—let us starve and curse the light;

Shame no bush, however slight;

Bring forth the babe—a nation's moans;

Will sing sweet music in its ear;

For well we know a people's grown;

To the east were always dear;

Bring forth the babe, the mothers down;

And how the baby knees in dust

Before a child's brother's gown;

Our children cannot find a crust;

When Christ was born, no servile throng

Assisted the Savio[n] manager met;

No statesmen sat their thrones;

But what was Christ to Albert's pet?

G. d., who had heard the widow's moans—

God, who had heard the orphan's cry,

Thou, too, dost sit upon a throne;

But none round thee of *fatuus* die;

That none round thee of *tormentum* die;

Who boast their "princely right divine,"

Are but thy parasites on earth;

There is oppression—more things;

Bring forth the babe! from foreign lands

Fresh king-vampires flock to greet

This new one in its nurse's hands—

(For the *new* one in its nurse's hands);

Bring forth the babe, the papa's pride;

And let your prayers mount night and day,

For ought we not to *pray for him*?

Who'll *pray on us* enough some day?

Oh! who would grow to squander gold

On such a glorious babe as this?

With these babes are starved and cold,

These have no *mothers*—Germany!

But English bairns and English bairns!

Then let them live and die in need,

While the plump Coburgs find a *pride*;

There is oppression—more things;

Bring forth the babe!

When the *Death Watch*.—This curious insect is a small beetle, of a dark brown color, spotted; having pellucid wings under the *scutellum*, a large cap or helmet on its head, and two antennæ projecting from beneath the eyes, and doing the office of *proboscides*. A gentleman, who had two of these insects, a male and a female, describes the ticking noise as proceeding from them by beating the forehead against the floor or partition; and he could induce either of them, by imitating their beating, to reply to him. Hence he infers that such ticking is the way the insects woo one another, and by certain unequivocal evidences, which came within his view, during the several months he had them in his possession, he is correct in his notion.

There is also another insect of the same species, grey, and about the size of a housefly, which greatly resembles, and is very common in most houses in the summer season. It makes the same ticking as the former; the strokes, however, are more leisurely and uniform, like those of a watch, and continue without interruption for hours together; whereas the former beats six or eight strokes at intervals. It is very shy of being disturbed, and very nimble in running to shelter. Its ticking, like the other, is supposed to be the wooing act.

So much for the superstition of our fore-fathers. There are many, however, in these enlightened days who believe in the *Death Watch*. When the *cessation* silence of the chamber of the sick is so disturbed, there is something melancholy in the noisy monotonous winking of this tiny inhabitant of our earth; which had it reason, would find, probably, a less offensive spot in which to indulge its armours. Perhaps the little creatures is merely beating time to some amorous duty, which he or she is practising in anticipation of the arrival of his or her "solvent of sweet!" As it appears, this winking goes on tick, who says the *paper*? Their amorous doings, by all accounts, are not less singular. No love is lost on either side! On this love! There is no resisting it.

We ALLOW BOOKS TO THINK TOO MUCH FOR US.—Those who base their political and social opinions upon history, as is the fashion, will be lucky if they escape the formation of erroneous views respecting the philosophy of their own times. A great writer has said, that history is philosophy teaching by example. This might have been true enough in its application to the country of that writer, because her institutions were similar to those of all other countries which had previously existed. But when we apply this maxim to American institutions, its aptness fails—the experience of other governments is no rule for ours, which is totally different in its constituent parts from all others of which history discourses.

Our institutions of learning—and we make the remark without any animosity of feeling—have neglected the genius and elements of our own glorious institutions, to familiarize the minds of our youth with classic materials, for holiday speeches and political harangues. They are taught to read the histories of heathen and barbarous ages, with a truly heathen veneration—and this is learning!

To such a pitch is this mania carried, in even American universities, that should our President himself be great in any singular manner, our young (and old ones too) Greeks and Latins, disregarding the evident cause of the accident, would lay over the culprits of space and time, to dig up explanations, illustrations, and parallels, from the *relics* of *Classical Greece or Rome*.

History has its advantages, but this is one of its abuses, which inflict great injury upon the American mind. We regard too much upon foreign principles, to the prejudice of our own institutions.—*Elegans.*

An infant is in a state of perpetual enjoyment from the intensity of curiosity.—There is no one thing which it does not learn sooner or later than at any other period of life, and without any burden to itself or the teacher. But learning is not all, nor the principal consideration—moral habits are acquired in schools and in the meaner children are kept out of the nurseries of obscenity, vulgarity, vice and blasphemy. In the establishment at Westminster, none but children between three and five years of age are admitted, and there they are kept off the streets and taken care of by a paternal, indulgent dame, while their *instructors* are at liberty to go out and work. Whether the children leave or not is of little consequence. The moral discipline is the great consideration.—*Lord Brangwyn.*

ARTIFICIAL MOONLIGHT.—We can tell how to get up a pretty pretty imitation of moonlight in a room. It is somewhere stated that a luminous candle may be prepared, which will give sufficient light in the night to admit of the hour being easily told on the dial of a watch. The process is as follows:

A pearl of clear white glass, of a long form must be chosen, and some fine olive oil heated to smother in another vessel; a piece of phosphorus, of the size of a pea, must be put into the pearl, and the oil carefully poured over it, till the pearl is one solid mass.

The candle must then be carefully corked up, and the glass inverted, so that the oil may not run out.

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